

where you fit

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where you fit

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Summary

Really, it's all a matter of where you fit.

Right now? Yoongi has no qualms about lying to everyone and anyone he can. Back in the underground, they didn't want a submissive omega earning maybe a couple hundred thousand won a night, they wanted a relatable, dominant alpha they wouldn't feel conned by.

(Min Yoongi knows that he doesn't have the charm and charisma to carry off being an omega in an alpha-dominated industry, so he lies. He hadn't counted on Jung Hoseok, nor had he counted on his own ability, and when his heat strikes, his situation becomes precarious.)

Notes

ok so this is
um
different

ive never written an a/b/o fic so please tell me im doing something right. oh and i like worldbuilding too much so there's a lot of that in here, but don't be fooled, it's mostly yoongi being emotionally constipated.

Chapter 1

Really, it's all a matter of where you fit.

Right now? And right now, with his position precarious enough for him to need every little advantage he can get? Yoongi has no qualms about lying to everyone and anyone he can. Back in the underground, they didn't want a submissive omega earning maybe a couple hundred thousand won a night, they wanted a relatable, dominant alpha they wouldn't feel conned by, and so Yoongi - starving thin half the time in his shitty flat - did his level best to provide.

Now he's a trainee and still nobody knows. Girls want more alpha idols than they do omegas, it's true, the omega girls being the highest demographic of people buying into the idol craze, and Yoongi *needs* to get selected. He'll never be able to return to the underground now and home hasn't been an option for a long time. He needs this money.

So, yeah. Yoongi will do all in his power to be selected. He can lie. It's almost all he's good for.

"You should go to bed," says another trainee, Kim Taehyung, softly. He's an omega but he has enough bubbling, excitable personality to easily get selected. "Yoongi, you really should."

Yoongi is sitting on the couch, staring at the video he's taken of Hoseok demonstrating the dance choreo. "I'll go in a second, Taehyung," he lies casually. "You go on."

Taehyung makes a quiet, disbelieving hum, but his presence moves away from Yoongi and towards the dorm room five of them share. There's Yoongi, Taehyung, Choi Hyunwo - a calm beta - Jeon Jeongguk, an adorably quiet baby of an alpha, and Jung Hoseok - a skilled dancer *and* a vocalist *and* a rapper *and* an alpha.

Aforementioned Jung Hoseok is the reason Yoongi has begun sleeping on the couch more often and pretending he's just not had the energy to make it to the dorm room.

See, Yoongi may be great at *pretending* to be an alpha, but he's still a fucking omega at heart. That means once every six or seven months, for four torturous days, he goes into heat, and he has *no idea* how he's going to hide it. Hoseok shares his bunk and there's only two weeks 'till the heat hits, which means Yoongi's already started to leak the

scent of a heated omega when he's sleeping and his conscious thoughts aren't dedicated to concealing it; as a result, over the last few days, he's seen Hoseok sniffing the air curiously, seen him ask probing questions of Jeongguk and Hyunwo, the two most likely of their dorm members to be hidden omegas.

(No point asking Tae. His heat was two months ago, as he told everyone happily, and it didn't even hurt that much.)

Yoongi isn't sure whether to be happy that he's hidden himself so well, or annoyed that Hoseok hasn't realised it could be him. Really, the only issue Yoongi can think of is *Hoseok*, who's attractive enough already without the biology thrown in.

Hoseok smells of fresh-cut grass and honey, and Yoongi wishes he didn't.

He doesn't realise he's staring at the Hoseok on his phone screen, the alpha captured in pixels as he dances in a *horrendous* black t-shirt and beanie perched on his auburn hair. He doesn't realise his eyes are dragging themselves shut until they are, and then it's too late.

Yoongi slides slowly down the couch, his phone dropping out of his hand, his head hitting the soft cushions, curling into a ball. He's so *tired*. Maybe - Hoseok isn't home yet - maybe it's safe to sleep in a bed tonight. Maybe tomorrow he can go out and buy the suppressants he hasn't been able to afford before. Maybe he can sleep easy.

He staggers into the dorm room, hears the approving hum of a drowsing Taehyung, and all but collapses into his bunk.

When Yoongi awakes, he awakes early. He always does, years of paranoia and stress meaning he's living on as little sleep as his body will permit him. It's barely five in the morning and he turned in at one, but he's done worse than four hours and something feels *wrong*.

It takes him three seconds to locate Hoseok in the bunk above, smelling him stronger, and another two to remember that his *fucking* heat is *fucking* ten days away and he's being a *fucking* idiot being this close to not one but two alphas so near his time. If he were sensible he'd leave to a heat hotel and wait it out, but -

Where would you go after that?

Yoongi doesn't have the personality to carry off being an omega idol. If he takes off three weeks now, he'll be dropped like the dead weight he is, and the underground will never accept the return of a sellout. His home will *never* accept his return, *ever*.

Slowly, ever slowly, he crawls out. Hoseok isn't awake yet, or pheromones would be soaking through the room, the scent of an alpha in search of an omega, but he's semi-conscious - awake enough to smell the heat off Yoongi. It's *vital* he gets out of the closeness of the dorm room *right now*. There are other trainees, Jimin and Namjoon and Seokjin, that Yoongi has become friendly with, Jimin an alpha with far too much sex appeal, Namjoon an awkward alpha, Seokjin a beautiful omega. Yoongi can hide in their room.

No, he needs to recover. Away away.

Yoongi slips out of the darkness of the dorm room, looking at the closed door of the other room where the other three sleep.

Shame coursing through his veins, he takes the staircase down to the practice room with his phone in his hand, Hoseok's demonstration loaded and playing. He needs to get this by today anyway, and dancing is as good a way as any to replace the pre-heat scent with sweat.

Fresh-cut grass and honey. He wonders if he can smell it through his phone screen, digital feet whirling fast, digital smile aimed straight at the camera, fresh-cut grass and honey a *performer* above all things. Digital hair hidden under the beanie, black t-shirt slipping off one bronzed shoulder, captured here on Yoongi's phone.

God. He's *never* going to be selected, not when someone like Jung Hoseok is in the running. It'll be the cheerful Taehyungs and quiet Jeongguks and *Hoseoks* of the trainees that will get selected, and the single Min Yoongi that remains will...

He pinches the inside of his forearm, watches the red blood bloom to the skin. Takes a step back and a deep breath.

Yoongi has never been one to give up, *ever*, and it doesn't matter about the heat. The heat can go shove a knot up its ass in a heat hotel somewhere, while Yoongi is being a domineering alpha trainee. While Yoongi is getting three square meals a day and a regular paying job and *all of it*.

He trips over his foot in the first section, but it's fine, he's not to the

centre in that part. When he jumps to centre the Hoseok on his phone jumps back and as Yoongi twists clumsily to the beat, he can almost smell the grass and honey behind him, twisting sinfully, black t-shirt falling off his shoulder. Yoongi can almost do it; this is easier, this imagined Hoseok, behind him to help with the quick-snap of his legs and his arms and the smile he has to maintain throughout.

Yoongi is *almost* disappointed when he turns around and there's no Hoseok smiling at him.

Never mind.

Try it again.

The song isn't even theirs, just some manufactured bullshit that's been floating around for time out of mind. On the second run through Yoongi crack-snaps his knees together, twists his left foot around his ankle, crashes to the floor of the practice room.

On the third, he manages the fancy footwork but forgets everything else, spending the whole song staring down at his feet with his arms by his sides, rigid and stiff as a corpse.

By the fourth the perspiration is soaking his shirt and sticking his hair to his forehead and he's so frustrated he could kick the digital Hoseok and the tinny phone-speaker tune across the room. Min Yoongi is meant for the underground. Min Yoongi is meant for normal work. Min Yoongi was not meant for sleek hips-twist side-smile, roll of dark eyes and confidence. Min Yoongi is not meant to be here.

The video is on repeat, but when it starts for the fifth time Yoongi just sits on the floor with his knees drawn to his chest.

Digital feet moving fast, pixelated fresh-cut grass and honey. Ten days until the first day, by Yoongi's count. Slowly, hormones beginning to affect his emotions, the logical part of him knows this.

He is asleep on the floor of the practice room when Hoseok wanders in two hours later to the sight of Min Yoongi, small, vicious bantam Min Yoongi curled up in an overlarge shirt, his hair fluffed up and his phone loose in his small hand, playing Hoseok's dance over and over and over again. Yoongi is asleep whenever Hoseok picks him carefully up and carries him to the corner of the room, pillowing his head on hoodies and sweaters; Yoongi is asleep as Hoseok begins to dance, confused as to why a sleeping alpha hyung should smell so good and look so sweet.

There are four days left when Yoongi finally gets a day off to wander the streets.

Since the day he realised his heat was coming, he's been slowly faking illness, helped by Hoseok who insists to their manager that something isn't right, Yoongi is sleeping more during the day, *of course he's ill look at him!* And Yoongi tries not to make that last one sting like the pinched nips he's peppering his forearm in to ground him in reality.

"If you're not better within the week, Min," the manager threatens, and Yoongi *knows*, okay, he knows. That's why he hopes these drugs will at least lessen the effects of the heat, although it's too close for them to stop it completely.

He's heard bad things happen when you go on suppressants mid-heat, but too much is at stake, okay? He's been dragging his feet, he can't sleep near any of the betas now either, he's pretty much constantly flushed, and *Hoseok won't leave him alone*.

Does he know?

He can't.

But it's so damn difficult when Hoseok wanders into the kitchenette in the mornings, seeing Yoongi on his fifth coffee of the morning, rubbing sleep out of his eyes and permeating the room with fresh-cut grass and honey. He'll lean over Yoongi's shoulder, fingers touching Yoongi's scent glands even though *he can't know they're there*, hot breath in Yoongi's ear asking for him to pour the coffee.

It's so innocent, that's what makes Yoongi want to tear his hair out in frustration. If Hoseok were flirting, maybe Yoongi could handle it, but he isn't. To him, Min Yoongi is an alpha, a small, moody alpha, but an alpha nonetheless.

He stomps out into the street, the cold air of Seoul in November embracing him like a familiar friend.

Yoongi, it says, the sound of the wind screeching through the window of his old apartment, *You're coming home, Yoongi, coming home-*

One winter, about three years ago, one of Yoongi's friends from the underground, Jiyae, got so cold his fingers turned blue and green and

white and pink, and he arrived at Yoongi's apartment with them shoved in his mouth to try and keep them warm. A week later when he cut his finger, he didn't even realise it until he saw the blood, 'cause the cold sucked all the feeling out of them.

He shivers in his coat. Can't let that happen. Get the drugs, take the drugs, do the dances, get selected, get the money, never be cold or hungry or viciously, angrily sad ever ever again.

The shoppers dance around the huffing man with a grey hat pulled over his head, a facemask over his mouth, an oversized green coat draped over his shivering shoulders. Alphas in the crowd, a good five or six of them in the fifteen minutes Yoongi's been out, look around at the faint scent of pre-heat in the air.

Dammit.

Seoul confuses him, this end of it. Yoongi walks the way he always has before he knows it, down shortcuts until he gets to the seedier alleyways, the omega drugstore he always went to. Hyeji, the sweet omega girl there, has always kept his status secret.

"Yoongi?"

"Hyeji, hello," Yoongi sighs into the warmth of the store, pulling the mask off his face and loosening the hat over his head. "Listen, I-

Hyeji sniffs and her face crumples. "Oh, *you complete idiot.*"

"I couldn't-"

"You're so irresponsible!"

"I need-"

"Do you have any shows coming up? Please tell me you're not going to try to *perform* through this?"

Yoongi shakes his head shamefacedly. "I- I got picked up, Jiji, some scout. I'm a trainee now, trainee for some tiny idol company, but it's better, but they don't know, they can't know, or I'll be out again and everyone will know and none of those fuckers want to listen to an omega, you know they won't, and you know - I don't know - there's this alpha, this alpha, they're all alphas or betas or omegas with *personality* and if they find out I'm out on my ass, I really, really am, I need-"

“Yoongi,” Hyeji sighs, reaching over the counter to tangle her hands with his. “Please just *breathe*. A trainee? You’ll be okay. You’ll be okay.”

“I need suppressants and liners and more bodywash,” Yoongi says when he can think straight again. He feels eyes on him, curious through the window, two omegas clinging to each other in a drugstore. “Please.”

“That’s dangerous, Yoongi,” Hyeji murmurs.

Yoongi lets his voice crack and break. “I *need* them. The liners are a precaution, but there are four days left and I-”

“Call the company,” she interrupts. “Call them now. Tell them you’ve got family issues, your grandmother is on her deathbed, and you need a week or slightly over it to get back to Daegu and back, okay? It’s discrimination to let go of you for your status, but they could pass it off. They can’t pass off letting you go because your family is dying.”

Ragged breath and the smell of Hyeji, soft linen and warm evenings. An omega scent, not half so appealing as fresh-cut grass and honey. “I - yeah. Yeah, okay, I will.”

“And then go back home, pack a bag, book a room in a heat hotel. Call me,” Hyeji reaches behind her for a box of painkillers, a pack of liners to soak up the slick of pre-heat, and a bottle of scentless bodywash, handing Yoongi a folded paper with her number on it along with the items. “Go use the bathroom there now, okay? Two of these’ll lessen the pre-heat, the liner’ll make it more comfortable. The bodywash won’t work much so close to the heat.”

“I got it, I got it - *thank you*,” Yoongi clasps her hands together, overwhelmingly grateful, before Hyeji lets him behind the counter to slip into the bathroom provided for emergency situations.

Yoongi isn’t so bad in his pre-heat, but all the same it’s a blessed relief to line his boxers and pop three painkillers. His head feels less clouded, his face less hot, his mind more free. He feels far better.

“And these,” Hyeji tells him when he comes out, supplies secreted in his pockets. “They’ll bring down the need for a knot, okay? You’ll be fine. *Call me*. ”

Yoongi takes this new set of pills, light purple this time, and kisses her cheek. “I’ll never be able to pay you back for this, I really won’t.”

“You don’t have to,” Hyeji says fondly. She clasps his hand once more, squeezing tight. “We’re friends, Min Yoongi, this is what friends do.”

When Yoongi wanders out into the streets again he’s embarrassed at how emotional Hyeji has made him. When he still lived in his grotty apartment he didn’t really think he *had* any friends, not really -

“Yoongi?”

He whirls on his heel to see Hoseok, a deep blue hoodie on and jeans ripped and torn, smiling at him. “Yoongi! You got the day off, too? How’re you feeling? Better? I was really worried.”

“No, I - I feel bad, still,” Yoongi rasps, finding it all too easy to stagger a little on his feet. Fresh-cut grass and honey. “Are you okay? I don’t want to get you sick.”

“I have the immune system of a brick wall,” Hoseok announces grandly, slinging his arm around Yoongi’s shoulders. His face slips a little. “I - um, in the drugstore, I saw you. That your girlfriend?”

Hyeji? An omega? Yoongi is about to scoff, when he remembers he’s an alpha. “Oh - it’s complicated,” he says hastily all the same, wondering why Hoseok looks like he’s just been stabbed. Is Hoseok really coming down with something? “I - we dated in the past, y’know, but she found another alpha. I’m strictly platonic now.”

Hoseok’s face clears, and so Yoongi figures the momentary hurt was a figment of his imagination. “Poor you,” says his friend happily. “It hurts to break the bond, if you’ve - you had, right?”

“Mmhmm,” Yoongi hums. Hoseok’s arm bumps his as they walk, and his shoulders brush against Yoongi’s.

“Hurts,” Hoseok says.

That sends a pang of something through Yoongi. The idea of Hoseok with a mate, even one he’s broken the bond with - it hurts.

Dammit.

“Hey, do you want to get lunch?” Yoongi hears himself saying. “I know a place. I used to live here, y’see, before it all kicked in, so we’ll get a discount.”

“Suits me,” smiles Hoseok sharp-teeth sunshine-breeze, and Yoongi

loops Hoseok's arm with his so as not to lose each other in the crowds down the rattier side of Seoul. It's a bar that doubles as a club, a place Yoongi's done gigs at, a place overwhelmingly alpha, with dominant betas along for the ride too.

Thank god for Hyeji.

"Min motherfuckin' Yoongi!" Screeches Toby, the American-born Russian man that somehow found his way to bartending in Korea. "Guess who's back, guys? Yoongi, siddown, Yoongi, tell us all! What you up to now, you haven't been 'round! Who's your friend? Yah, you there, Park whatsyourface, get up and get my friends some food!"

"You said you'd get a discount, not a coming-home feast," Hoseok chuckles as Toby and Park Whatshisface pull up bar food from, apparently, thin air. "I didn't think you had it in you."

"I'm a man of hidden depths, what can I say?" Yoongi jokes back, feeling at ease, the ache of pre-heat almost gone in the bliss of the painkillers.

"Where've you been?" Toby emerges, tall and blonde with stunning blue eyes, the sort of easygoing beta that can run a business without any fights.

Yoongi shrugs, takes a potato chip from the bowl in front of him.

"Around. This here is Hoseok, he raps too, but I'm taking a break for a bit. Family's a bit sick back home, but you know what they're like-" Toby does, he's listened to Yoongi's most heartfelt lyrics "- So I'm just layin', doing whatever. Just odd jobs, yeah?" *Lazy accent, sneak in the satoori, Min Yoongi the rapper the alpha Agust D Gloss Suga*

"I-" Hoseok begins, and under the bar Yoongi kicks him.

"Tell me when you comin' back, I'll save you a spot. Got some cute lil omega, wants to know when Suga'll be back 'cuz he's her *absolute favourite*," Toby laughs low and a little mean. "You up to fuck? She's cute as hell, Yoongi, a real catch. Tits like you wouldn't believe."

Yoongi swallows around the sudden taste of bile. "Nah, man, you know me."

"Strictly beta, yeah, I gotcha." Toby winks.

Hoseok is confused beside him, swimming out of his depth in a grotty bar full of in-jokes. "Strictly - hey, what about-"

“How’s Eunwon?” Yoongi interrupts Hoseok, wishing they’d never come. “You still fuckin’?”

“Bonded last week,” Toby lifts his middle finger to Yoongi. “Beta on beta is fucking *hot*, man, you seen that? We ain’t got the bearin’, sure, we ain’t got the drive, but she’s a good fuck all the same.”

“Bonded, huh? Who’d thought,” Yoongi says absently. Eunwon. Toby. Betas the both of them, both of them people Yoongi’s slept with, mostly to confirm his status.

He’s getting twitchier now.

“I’m gettin’ the domestic shivers, man, freaky as fuck,” Toby shudders. “Hey, whaddabout you? You got any sweet omegas? Betas are good, too, man, speaking as a one.”

Hoseok jumps beside Yoongi like he’s been electrocuted. “I - nah, man, don’t have the time,” he manages to say, in sweet accented satoori, just the right blend of neutral Seoul and Gwangju twang. Fresh-cut grass and honey permeates the air, mingling with the dull sting of Toby’s whiskey beta smell, and to cover the sudden influx of scent, Yoongi all but shoves most of the bowl of chips down his throat. Harsh cheese and onion is *disgusting*. He wonders whether Hoseok would taste of honey, sweat trickling down his toned chest, the dark redness of their dorm room when the red curtains are pulled -

“Omegas, man, who needs ‘em?” Toby is snorting. “Good for nothing but fuckin’ and cookin’, you ask me.”

Yoongi scoffs along with Park Whatshisface and Hoseok, and feels his heart break.

On the way back Hoseok pulls him into a shop that sells speciality chocolates, moulded lovehearts on sticks, doves made out of milk chocolate, raspberry snaps with ginger and rosewater preserve inside. “Those were your friends, huh,” says Hoseok, still with the tint of satoori left.

Yoongi swallows, suddenly ashamed. “No. No, I wouldn’t say that.” *Omegas, man, who needs ‘em?*

“They knew you better than I would,” Hoseok murmurs, long fingers touching the corners of a box of chocolates. “They knew you better.”

“They don’t really,” Yoongi assures him. *Good for nothing but fuckin’*

and cookin', you ask me. "They don't, they just - we hung around in the same circles, is all, and Toby got me a gig or two. I only brought - Toby's the only guy that does free food, or I wouldn't have."

"It's okay," Hoseok says. His eyes seem to dance again and Yoongi is so grateful to whoever, whatever, made them sparkle with vitality after he and his *friends* destroyed it. "That's good, Yoongi-hyung, that's good."

On the way back they eat lovehearts on sticks, raspberry snaps with ginger and rosewater preserve, and Yoongi texts Hyeji to make sure she makes a reservation for him at a heat hotel near the drugstore.

It's not easy. Some - most - would say an omega pretending to be an alpha is downright impossible, 'cause omegas always smell more attractive to alphas and there's a definite difference between betas and omegas even to *look at*.

Nah.

Yoongi grew up in a small town where the omegas stayed inside and cooked and cleaned - *good for nothing but fuckin' and cookin', you ask me* - and the alphas were mechanics and army sergeants and did the work, and betas didn't exist. The gene pool had narrowed over the years, gross as it sounds, and Yoongi was - is - related to most of his neighbours.

That sort of town.

Most people presented by the time they were fourteen or shortly before it, and Yoongi was no different. When he presented over the winter break, his father didn't look at him for two weeks and his mother, the small, cowering omega - *good for nothing* - did nothing.

So Yoongi ran away to Seoul and pretended as hard as he could to be his father, making up for his stature and his scent by using a mixture of omega scent blockers and alpha rut cologne, the stuff alphas used to disguise the scent of their bonded ruts. He's got the swing of the hips right, the growl in the base of his throat that signals the coming of the *alpha voice* (but never the voice itself, obviously) and he acts like such a basic alpha fuckboy that nobody would ever guess.

In the two weeks of pre-heat and four days of heat, he's more

obviously an omega.

But nobody's looked close enough to check. Nobody's cared enough to check.

The next day, Yoongi tells the manager that his father's fallen ill, that he really needs to leave, and he wants to seem solid and strong and like an alpha concerned for his father, but he hurts all over and something's twisting deep in his gut and his voice cracks, wobbles, and the manager doesn't connect the dots - no, never - but she gives him a week of leave and a box of tissues to wipe his eyes with without so much as a whisper.

He goes to the heat hotel Hyeji booked for him and waits out the heat, safe in the presence of anonymous omegas everywhere, too ashamed to use the toys they've provided for the omegas in pain.

Mostly he cries and takes too many painkillers and throws up a lot and then, once, permits himself relief.

He thinks of Hoseok when he comes, and cries harder, and doesn't go back to the dorms for another two days.

Nobody complains. He looks fragile, still, although they all think it's because of his father.

At least his heat is over now for another six months.

"Yoongi-hyung," says someone when Yoongi is dancing, dancing although his legs feel shaky and his head hurts to the beat of the bass. "Hyung, it's three in the morning, we have to rise early, we - hyung!"

The bridge of the song makes Yoongi turn, although he doesn't have to. He's smelt the fresh-cut grass and honey since Hoseok entered the room, and it's doing nothing to help his balance as he sways from side to side. "Hoseok, what are you doing up?"

"You didn't come back to the dorm when you said you would, and I got worried," Hoseok says softly. "Seokjin-hyung made pasta and Namjoonie insisted we save it, but Taehyung accidentally ate it, so I'm

here... um, to buy you ramen.”

“To buy me ramen,” Yoongi repeats stiffly.

“To buy you ramen,” confirms Hoseok, moving forward. “Are you going over the choreo?” He’s wearing a thin blue sweater, the sleeves pushed up his forearms, the collar cut looser with scissors, and shorts because it’s coming into summer now, far too hot to be layered up. They were practicing make-up on each other, Hoseok and Taehyung were, and giggling furiously with every swipe of cherry lip balm across each other’s lips. Yoongi had been curled up on the sofa with Jeongguk and he was ever so glad that he wasn’t the only one getting strangely jealous.

In the light of the practice room the lip balm sparkles. Eyeliner, not properly removed, makes Hoseok’s eyes bigger, deeper, more dangerous.

Yoongi would be lying to himself if he thought it wasn’t hot. “I was just...”

“You don’t have to,” Hoseok frowns.

“I do,” says Yoongi, feeling the need to explain away his stupid *stupid* feet and how they won’t move like he needs them to. “If I need to get selected-”

“*Hyung*, they’ve selected us already. We’re here, you and me and everyone else,” Hoseok stresses. He stares at Yoongi, levelling him up, and Yoongi can see in the mirror how pathetic he looks, hands twisting the hem of his shirt, his bottom lip worried at and bruised, his face red, his hair messed.

“But if they-”

“They won’t.”

“They *might*, Hoseok, I-”

“Yoongi.”

Hoseok steps forward, shoes squeaking, hand outstretched to disentangle Yoongi’s from his abused shirt. “I’m taking you for ramen and then you’re going to sleep and we’ve got off tomorrow so you’re going to wake up late and watch cartoons with all of us. Jeonggukkie is looking forward to Adventure Time.”

“I-”

Hoseok wraps his hand around Yoongi's, and Yoongi is *so grateful* Hoseok is this comfortable. He feels warm, warm on the inside as well, wrapped in the scent of Hoseok's reassurance, and allows himself to be led out of the room, following Hoseok with sleepy compliance.

God, he's exhausted.

“You need to wait for it to click, y’know. It always takes a while, but take it step by step, it’ll work,” Hoseok is saying, prodding Yoongi up the stairs and out the door. Seoul in spring, sticky sweat even at three in the morning.

“You know it,” Yoongi finds himself whining, petulant.

Hoseok chuckles low and deep and vibrant. “I’ve been training in dance since I was a kid. ‘S the same way you’ve been rapping your whole life.”

“Only a couple years,” corrects Yoongi. He knows he *looks* like he's been in the underground his whole life, he *acts* like it, he even *talks* like he was born and bred in a seedy Seoul bar, but he's only been doing it a couple years. “Only a few. I’m not - I don’t have anything like that, like your dance.”

It's sticky, and Yoongi feels like the whole river is floating in the night air, caressing his cheek with clammy hands. Too cold to take his sweater off, too warm to keep it on.

“Don’t say that, hyung.”

“‘S true, Hobi. Take me to the ramen.” Yoongi didn’t mean to make that whining sadness enter Hoseok’s voice, but it’s there and it makes something settle low inside of him, a curling black pit of *pitiful, not good enough, Min Yoongi*.

“Ramen.”

“Yeah.”

They walk in quiet, Hoseok pulling Yoongi's blueing fingers into his pocket, stroking his thumb over whitened knuckles.

“You have piano.”

“Everyone has piano.”

“ I don’t. Namjoonie, Seokjin, Gukkie, Tae, Jimin, they don’t. You have music. Most idol groups have their songs written for them.”

Yoongi shrugs, glad now for the humidity that excuses his bright red cheeks, to his stuttered breath. “It isn’t a big deal.”

With a small sigh, Hoseok squeezes his hand. “It is to me, hyung.”

Yoongi’s breath catches in his throat and he feels light, funny, the feeling hardly worn off even when Hoseok has seated them both in a booth for an all-night ramen shop, ordering for himself and for Yoongi, sitting beside Yoongi and cracking his chopsticks for him, rolling them between his palms. “Here you are.”

“Should pay,” Yoongi mumbles. So tired. “Should pay, ‘f you dragged me out. You should be sleeping.”

“I like this better,” Hoseok says, but Yoongi doesn’t hear anything else. He falls asleep after he eats half a bowl of ramen, and wakes up tucked into his own bed with a blue sweater on, the collar cut with scissors, smelling of fresh-cut grass and honey.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

this is the second part! its also the first time i've written anything remotely explicit, so im very sorry if it comes across stilted. i tried lmao. hope you enjoy! thanks to everyone that commented/left kudos last chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

In the end, it's him.

He does it.

To himself.

Fuck.

See, they've been narrowed down, and it's been shown that Taehyung and Seokjin are all omegas, both with enough personality, appeal and beauty to carry it off. Omegas have to work extra hard, which *they* have, and maybe Yoongi would say now if it wasn't... if he didn't still feel like at any moment they would kick him out. *No need for seven, especially now you don't have the alpha appeal going for you*, they would say, and kick Yoongi back onto the streets with nowhere to go and nobody to turn to.

Ok.

So.

So, to Big Hit, Taehyung and Seokjin are omegas, and Jeongguk, Yoongi, Hoseok, Namjoon and Jimin are all alphas. Unusually for a large-ish idol group, there isn't a beta among them.

(In EXO, there's at least three betas Yoongi can think of out of the top of his head.)

Ok.

So.

One morning, Yoongi gets up late. He often gets up late, staying up in

the studio 'till the early hours of the morning trying his hardest to get as good as the others are, and he's in the late stages of his pre-heat so it's better if he sleeps at different times to the others. When he staggers into the kitchen, just dressed, it's to see Seokjin drinking herbal tea, a box of *scent blockers* on the table and a measured expression on his face.

"Mornin'," Yoongi grunts, not connecting what he sees with any real meaning. "You made coffee? Can I get?"

"These are pretty strong blockers, Yoongi," Seokjin says.

Yoongi's eyes zoom in on the box, the light lilac shade that prescription scent blockers are. Hyeji gives them to him in his pre-heat, has done ever since he came to her with tears dripping off the end of his chin *because Hobi was smelling for the omega, he was, I don't want him to know Jiji please anything please*

He laughs shakily. "Yeah, they are. Purple is drugs, yeah? Don't know much about that stuff." He shoves his hands in the pockets of his jeans so Jin won't see them shaking.

"I won't tell the others," Seokjin says softly. "I just need to know. I found them under your bunk, Yoongi, so why do you smell like an alpha right now? And I've seen - I mean, I don't - oh, please, Yoongi, *no*, don't cry-"

Yoongi swallows his tears and stares down the elder with defiance. "I don't know what you're talking about, hyung. And I wasn't."

"I've seen the way you look at Hoseok," Seokjin continues, stretching out his hand to Yoongi, "And alphas don't- no, no, you're - what's wrong?"

Yoongi thinks he hears an intake of breath behind the door.

He hopes to God he doesn't.

He's shaking like a leaf.

"It's not true, hyung, they must be Taehyung's or... or someone else's, and that's all in your head, it really is, I'm not - I am, I am an alpha, otherwise I'll not have, it'll not be, there'll - there'll-"

"Yoongi-"

“I’m not!”

Seokjin stands and shoves the box off the table; millions, billions of tiny purple pills bounce over the tiled floor and under the fridge, the table, the cabinets, sparkling in the artificial lamplight like a starry night’s sky. Jin pays it no mind, grabbing Yoongi around the waist, trying to hug him *he thinks* but Yoongi can do nothing but stare blankly at them, things Hyeji would be fined for selling to him, things he’s hidden *so well* for the last *eighteen years of his fucking life*

“Yoongi.”

“I am, *fine*,” he says, half a sob into Seokjin’s pink shirt. “Just don’t tell the others.”

At that exact moment there’s another gasp from behind the door, and the doorhandle creaks backwards, spilling Hoseok into the room. The kitchen door has always been broken, Yoongi thinks blankly, not able to hold any weight, like that time he got too tired to stand, leaned against the door for a moment and ended up falling into the kitchen and cracking his forehead sharply against the tiles.

For another moment they stand. Yoongi, clutched in Seokjin’s arms, staring up at Hoseok, who is glancing wildly from the pills to Yoongi to Jin and back again, his grey sweater falling off one shoulder, his jeans ripped and torn. “I-”

“Oh, fuck you all,” Yoongi says thickly. He feels something growing in his stomach that has *nothing* to do with the pre-heat pain, the thick twist of anxiety inside him, the endless amounts of purple pills he’s taken for *nothing*, for Hoseok, to *protect* himself if nothing else from the stare Hoseok’s giving him right now. “Fuck you all,” he chokes again, and bolts for the door.

“Yoongi!” Hoseok calls after him, but Yoongi takes the stairs three at a time, slamming into the wall at the turn of the staircase, his vision blurred, everything *aching* and he’s bolting like a rabbit running away from the possibility of being cornered.

When he runs, he really runs. Min Yoongi hasn’t been in gym class since it became an optional course, but there’s no motivator like blind fear, even if he *hasn’t* -

Oh, *fuck*-

He still, still isn’t used to this side of Seoul and it’s the work of three

minutes of sprinting to take him down back alleys stinking of trash, down the side of closed nightclubs, past street graffiti getting gradually more territorial, and -

He's home, and *there's* the drugstore, closed, not open 'till three, and *there's* the bar he lost his virginity at with a cute beta that didn't ask why he was so uncomfortable, was too high to give a damn, and *there's* everything and -

He doesn't feel safer here, and -

Oh fuck.

The purple pills bouncing all over the floor. He hasn't taken his scent blockers, and he's found himself in the seedier side of Seoul again, his old haunts, and the scent of an omega about to go into heat is like a red rag to the bull of the alphas that came to watch his shows back when he was *Suga*, *Gloss*, *Agust D*, the belle of the Seoul scene, and as the purple pills bounce all over the floor he realises the smell, putrid spice and wine, is the smell of -

There's an alpha.

An alpha has smelt an omega in pre-heat.

And here. Here, on this side of the city. On this side of the city the alphas are lean and mean and they think - *good for nothing but fuckin' and cookin', you ask me* - with their libidos and they don't give a fuck if you have a bondmate, or if they have consent, or *fuck*, even if you're still this side of the headspace.

Yoongi didn't take the scent blockers.

They can probably smell him - and his fear - from at least ten feet away. Once an alpha catches the scent, once an alpha from *this side of town* catches the scent, you're a goner.

His heart is racing and his palms are sweating and he's still running, but slower. His legs hurt. His stomach hurts. His head hurts, the haze of heat oncoming, the heat hotel Hyeji booked for him still a full ten minute walk away.

"Hey, you! The short one!"

He doesn't want to know how many there are.

“Hey!”

Yoongi trips over a crack and thinks about Seokjin and Hoseok and how he’s *definitely* flunked out of a job now, what’s he going to *do* when he turns up home again with nothing to show other than the scent of a forced bond?

(Hah. Forced bond. That’s what he’s calling it?)

He thinks and runs and when a hand grabs his wrist, he almost (*he doesn’t*) yells out for Hoseok.

“I called you,” says the alpha, voice dripping thick with intent. “Didn’t you hear me?”

“N-nope,” Yoongi wrenches his arm away, he’s fucking *Suga*, these assholes probably dream about him in the shower, he doesn’t need the-

“Hey, now,” says another one, right there where Yoongi tries to escape. He becomes aware that he’s being hemmed in, three of them slowly walking him towards an alleyway, and no matter which way he runs there’ll be a strong hand grabbing him, pushing him back in the direction they want him.

“Hey, now, answer Minwo, there you go, he said he called you.”

“N-”

“I *did*, and I know you heard me.”

God, it’s so hard to *think* through the overwhelming terror. Yoongi is short *anyway* and these three, two guys and a woman, are so tall and broad and large in presence, overcompensating in all the areas where Yoongi has nothing.

He’s so fucking scared.

Fucking terrified.

“Nobody’s gonna fuckin’ hear us, hyung, don’t be a pussy,” says the first voice, the one called Minwo. Yoongi’s eyes are clouded with the white mists of tears, terror and exhaustion, purple pills and failures flashing through his gaze. He can’t see them.

The alphas, that is.

“I-”

“Oh, c’mon,” says the woman. She sounds like she’s teasing. She’s wearing lipstick, that’s all Yoongi sees, and it’s bright, achingly pink. “C’mon, you’re going into heat anyway, you don’t give a fuck what kind of an alpha fucks you now, right?”

“No, no, I-” he can’t speak now, the hard harshness of a brick wall scraping his shoulderblades, the tears thick and heavy in his eyes. “No, no, no, no-”

“Jesus, man, this guy - I know this guy! I saw him a year ago, doing a show down Toby’s place!”

A cold hand slips underneath Yoongi’s shirt, sharp nails scraping over his flesh, and he whimpers. “N-”

“Oh my god, he’s that rapper guy, right?”

“Knew he was a fucking omega.”

“That makes it all the better.” The arm over his throat squeezes tight, makes stars flash in front of Yoongi’s vision.

“I wanna go first, then,” says the second voice, the older man. He says it like Yoongi means nothing, like he’s not an *actual human person* pinned to the wall, a forearm across his neck, a hand grabbing his wrist, babbling denials with hot tears spilling across his cheeks because *fucking hell this is actually really going to happen to him of all people, this is really going to happen and nobody is there, nobody is there, nobody is here!*

“I smelt him, hyung,” says Minwo sulkily. “Yah, get him to shut up.”

This because Yoongi is crying, trying to say no, trying to get away-

The woman grabs Yoongi by the jaw, fingers pressing in hard, fingernails burning crescents of pain into his cheeks and jawline. She forces his eyes up, smiling at him like she’s a long-lost friend. “Shut the fuck up,” she says soothingly.

Yoongi tries, he does, he does, but his head *hurts* and his legs feel wobbly and suddenly the only thing supporting him against the wall is the punishing grip the woman has on his wrists. He sags down, his legs unsupportive, his arms numb, his vision blurred. And he’s crying. Like a fucking baby, like an omega in a back alley, *jesus christ -*

“Shut the fuck up!”

And just as Yoongi thinks his head is going to explode, he realises what marks that voice out as being different from the rest.

“H-hoseok,” he cries, plaintive and mewling, something hot dripping off his chin where the woman’s sharp fingernails have ripped skin. “H-hobi, Hobi, Hobi-”

“Fuck off,” he hears Hoseok again and almost cries out in relief. Yoongi’s barely clinging on to the world right now, almost-but-not-quite whited out with pain and pre-heat and fucking *terror*, so once the woman drops him he just falls to the ground like a discarded toy, shoulders hitting the wall, head dropping, legs running pins-and-needles up and down him, making him shake like a leaf in a winter gale.

“You can have a turn after us,” says one of the guys. “No big deal.”

“Fuck off right now,” Hoseok says, and Yoongi would shudder at the violence promised in his voice if it wasn’t aimed at the people that had been about to - *do that* -

“We got it first, man.”

“Yeah.”

Hoseok *growls*, low and animalistic in the back of his throat, and Yoongi knows the three others must be seeing what Hoseok hides from him, the way his skin will glimmer like sunlight off shone knifeblades, the way his teeth will bare, his eyes will glimmer, his throat will bite down on the claim of an omega.

“Jesus, what’s it to you, man?”

“He’s *mine*.”

Yoongi can’t help it, making a tiny mewling noise again when he tries to stand and his knees give out beneath him. He catches himself on the ground, scraping palms against harsh stone, and immediately feels the burn of four sets of eyes on him. “I- *Hoseok*-”

“Never, ever, ever come back, or you’re going to *fucking die*,” Hoseok snaps. Yoongi sees the flash of skin, the crack of bone, and the howl of the woman, the scent of blood in the air. A broken nose for her trouble, blood on Hoseok’s knuckles, the three suddenly turned tail

and scarpering.

Fucking cowards.

And then Hoseok is running forward and Yoongi falls into him, not caring for once about what he's meant to be. "H-hobi, Hobi, Hobi, H-hobi, fuck, fuck," he's chanting like a mantra and dripping tears into Hoseok's grey shirt and Hoseok is kissing his forehead sweetly-soft like scooped summer ice-cream, fingers tracing the hair at the base of Yoongi's neck, arms enveloping him in such a comforting embrace he almost drops there and then. Almost succumbs.

He doesn't, not yet.

"Yoongi, are you hurt?" Hoseok asks, quiet against Yoongi's cheek.

Yoongi feels soft lips kissing away the blood made by the woman, and shakes his head, feeling so terribly, stupidly *weak*. "I - n-no. Almost, but no."

"And you're about to go into heat."

"N-n... yeah. Yeah, yeah, that's why- and I didn't-"

"Hush, now," Hoseok mumbles. It should be patronising. It isn't.

"Hush, now, I have a plan, okay? Yoongi, where do you normally go?"

"Hotel. H-hotel. Two s-streets away," Yoongi says into Hoseok's neck, fingers clinging tightly to the grey sweater, drinking in the comfort of fresh-cut grass and honey.

"You wanna go there?"

"*F-fuck no*," he breathes at Hoseok, too far gone to care about embarrassing himself. "P-please, no."

"Then I have a plan, okay? You want me to stay, right?"

Yoongi answers this question with a peck to whatever part of Hoseok he's buried his face in. "Tell someone. I dunno. D-dunno. H-hotels don't let alphas in."

And now Hoseok is standing, scooping Yoongi into his arms, and Yoongi has never felt safer. Fresh-cut grass and honey and he never wants to stop being so wrapped in Hoseok as he is, grey sweater and fear-twitching eyes and hair mussed from the run, growling voice saying *mine*, fear washed away by safety, by comfort. "Trust me,

hyung. I'll be right beside you when you wake up."

And Yoongi trusts, and his eyes fall shut.

When he wakes up he panics for three heart-stopping moments, but *he* is there whispering into Yoongi's ear.

"Hey."

"H-hey," he stammers back, pain immediately hitting his body. There's only a few hours until his heat hits proper; he can feel it building in his stomach, twisting and turning and dying for relief, knowing there's probably nothing he can do with Hoseok here. When Hoseok leaves he'll fall apart completely - for now, the only thing holding him together is the warmth around his arms, fingers against his shoulders, breath on his neck. "Where are we?"

"I ran to the drugstore I saw you in, ages ago," Hoseok admits. "Your friend. She seemed. *Really* pissed off, 'cause you looked pretty banged up, but I explained, 'cause I guess it looked weird for me to be carrying you. She. She told me. Upstairs, soundproof, there's medicine and... other things, up here. Gave me the key. Said she'd knock in five days. She trusted me. Why? If I were her... I wouldn't trust me."

"T-told her about you, about H-hoseok," says Yoongi quietly. He sighs. "I t-text her a lot. My f-friend, proper friend, from back when."

Hoseok smiles - Yoongi can feel lips moving against his cheek. "And you're okay?" he whispers, shoving them both into the intimacy of quiet.

"Could be better, could be worse," Yoongi murmurs back. "B-better if you're here."

Warmth. A low chuckle, and *god* Hoseok must have an iron grip of his self-control because the light growl in the back of his throat makes Yoongi squeak in sudden shock, makes something inside him twist even further. "Better if I'm here?"

Yoongi realises what he's just said and, face suddenly flushed red with embarrassment, tries to cover his face with his hands, cheeks burning. Hoseok catches his wrists. His fingers easily loop around his wristbones, pinning Yoongi gently to the softness of what he assumes

is a bed. "Don't, c'mon, look at me. You okay?"

Treating him like the most precious thing in the world. Like someone to be cared for, worried over, for everything.

Yoongi blinks up, but Hoseok isn't laughing teasingly, isn't making fun of him. There's something - something - in his dark eyes that relaxes him, pales his cheeks, something he doesn't think he's ever seen before. At least, nothing he's ever seen aimed at *him*. "Mmhm."

The curtains are drawn, heavy black drapes, and the only light comes from the reading lamp in the corner. It's a room that wouldn't look out of place in a heat hotel, really - large bed, bathroom in the corner, small cabinet he thinks must be full of the necessary supplies for an omega facing heat alone.

His mind takes a sharp turn into darker territory.

What if Hoseok is just going to make sure he's okay, and then leave? What if he goes back to the dorm to bitch about Yoongi while Yoongi is left here alone, sobbing in the dark and fucking himself on Hyeji's toys? Is Yoongi misreading the situation?

Hoseok is staring down at him, now with concern in his dark eyes. He's close, so close to Yoongi, half-straddling him to properly hold his hands away, smelling so strongly of fresh-cut grass and honey, of suppressed pheromones, that Yoongi thinks he might just stop working now, pause and live forever in the moment. "Yoongi, what's wrong? Do I - you don't need to, I wouldn't force you into this. What's wrong?"

"Are you going to leave?" Yoongi asks, small and quiet, the years of false bravado rolling off his shoulders.

"Do you want me to?"

He's getting closer, but Yoongi notices how Hoseok holds his body off him, so as not to weigh down. "Do you?"

Yoongi catches his breath. *Fuck* being embarrassed. "Please. Hoseok. Stay."

"Then I will," Hoseok says, and leans down to brush Yoongi's lips with his own, something that was probably *meant* to be a chaste kiss but can't possibly be one, not with their scents in the air mingling with the promise of something they've both felt for almost a year, now.

Hoseok begins it. Really, he does, with a nip to Yoongi's bottom lip, but Yoongi allows him to. He tilts his head to the left, shifting his body slightly to allow Hoseok to sit with his knees either side of Yoongi's waist, his body hot on Yoongi's, one hand still holding Yoongi's hand and the other trailing along the sensitive skin of his jaw as Hoseok kisses him harder, tongue flickering along chapped lips.

He pulls away, dark eyes still measured, pupils blown wide. Yoongi gapes up at him - christ, if he'd known *that* was an option, he'd have been doing this a long, long time ago. "You okay? Please tell me this isn't some heat thing. Please tell me you do want it."

"Hoseok," says Yoongi as sincerely as he can, reaching up to wrap his arms around Hoseok's neck and pull him closer again, "There's a reason this is happening now instead of in a few hours. I'm still in pre-heat. I'm still *aw-ware*. So just *believe me*."

"Oh, thank God," Hoseok says. "Thank *God*. Yoongi."

"Shut the fuck *up*," Yoongi mumbles, closing the distance between them. He feels half-hard already in his jeans and he knows it's only partially due to the heat; Hoseok kisses like the devil, and now that Yoongi has given him permission suddenly his hands are sliding down Yoongi's sides, slipping up underneath the thin fabric of his t-shirt, hot and heavy and teasing just below his nipples. "Hoseok!"

"What, hyung?" Hoseok nips teasingly at the corner of Yoongi's mouth, tracing circles in the sensitive skin around his navel.

"Don't be an ah-asshole."

"Of course not," replies Hoseok. He kisses fire down Yoongi's jawline, kitten licks down his throat until he reaches the curve of Yoongi's shoulder, observing how the boy beneath him squeaks and writhes when his lips touch the spot of skin. "Sensitive?"

"H-hoseok-"

Hoseok is unforgiving. He bites down softly, tongue pulling blood to the surface of the skin, the sensation so hot against Yoongi's neck that he keens into the room, back arched. "Hobi, don't fuckin' tease."

"Not teasing, hyung." He finds another spot lower down, pushing the hem of Yoongi's t-shirt, until Yoongi makes an impatient sort of huffing noise and tries to wriggle out of his shirt where he lies.

Hoseok chuckles again. Low and deep and with the hint of a growl in the back of his throat. "You go first, hyung, then me."

Yoongi feels his face burning. "I'm going to fuckin' kill you," he murmurs, shucking off his shirt with little complaint. He feels flushed, too warm and too cold at the same time, so pleasantly whole that it shocks him. It only picks up when he sees the appreciative look Hoseok casts down at him, the growl reappearing, rasped and husky - an alpha's approval in pre-heat makes Yoongi suddenly aware of the aching between his thighs, the slick slowly beginning to produce, painfully hard now just from a few hickeyes. Jesus, he *has* missed this.

"You're fucking beautiful, Yoongi," Hoseok whispers appreciatively. He brushes smooth lips against Yoongi's, hands brushing over his oversensitive nipples. "Gorgeous."

Yoongi can't help but purr a little at the unexpected praise. Something within him leaps, something that has Hoseok grinning a funny sideways smile. "Yoongi. Hey, you purr."

"Take your shirt off," Yoongi blushes *again* and wishes he didn't as Hoseok laughs at him.

"Wait a moment. This is about you, right? Making you feel good."

"Hoseok, I feel - fuck, just quit with the sappy shit, I'd feel better."

"Hush, now," Hoseok whispers into Yoongi's ear, suddenly so much closer, suddenly there with his hands on Yoongi's hips, his thumbs hooked into the waistline, his hands just far away enough for Yoongi to long for them. He bucks his hips up almost instinctively, seeking something, *something*, because his cock aches and he feels slick soaking through his underwear. "Hush now," is all Hoseok says to that, but he pins Yoongi back down to the bed. "All in good time."

"Hush now," he murmurs again into Yoongi's ear, lips brushing the curve where he'd taken out an earring. The sudden spark of electricity shoots down right into the twist of his heat, the straining of his jeans, and Yoongi *whines*.

"H-hoseok - *hurts*-"

"This'll be the short time, baby, then you can do whatever you want in the heat," Hoseok says calmly.

Yoongi glares up at him. "I'm going to k-kill you."

“Nope,” Hoseok says with all the innocent, bright cheer of a mid-morning breakfast, not someone currently pinning his shirtless hyung down, trailing wet kisses down the line of his throat to the tip of his navel. “Just once, Yoongi, please shut up and let me do this.”

“I-”

Hoseok kisses his jaw, his thumb rubbing hot circles over his hipbone, his hand pressed lightly against Yoongi’s straining cock. “Just this once.”

“I - *H-hoseok*, you f-fu-”

“Hmm,” Hoseok cuts him off, sliding his thumbs past the waistband to snap the elastic of Yoongi’s boxers against his skin. “Me next, or you? What do you say, hm? You decide.”

“*You, you, you*,” Yoongi chants because *yes* he’s dying to get off, yes, of course, but he wants to appreciate this while he’s still on this side of the omega headspace. He lifts his hands, tugging uselessly at the hem of Hoseok’s grey sweater. “*Come on-*”

“Mm,” Hoseok hums again, sitting up and pulling his hands away. Yoongi can’t help but let out a tiny whimper at the sudden loss of heat, wriggling weakly underneath Hoseok to try and gain some sort of friction. “Quit that, Yoongi, hold on two seconds.”

Yoongi pouts, but complies, watching with a half-open mouth as Hoseok pulls his sweater over his head in one fluid movement, tossing it off the bed and into the dim room.

“Now,” he says, head cocked to one side, looking like the entire situation does nothing but amuse him, “Where were we?”

Hoseok is a *dancer*, which Yoongi always forgets. Bronzed skin, no longer blurry pixels on a phone screen, stretches down his chest, and Yoongi can’t help but trace the outline of his abdominal muscles with the tip of his index finger. “Wow,” he croaks.

Hoseok giggles. “You’re too cute, Yoongi.”

Where’s the hyung gone? Yoongi wants to ask, but Hoseok is leaning down again and he can *feel* the bulge in Hoseok’s jeans, pressing painfully tight against Yoongi. Instead he just squeaks embarrassingly high and lifts his hips again. “Hobi-”

"I *know*," Hoseok says, the first hint of something other than laughter entering his voice, the dominant stress of an alpha. Pheromones roll off him, fresh-cut grass and honey, so overwhelming that for a second or two Yoongi drops his head and closes his eyes, the overstimulation from Hoseok's scent, Hoseok's hands, and his as-yet untouched cock. "Yoongi? Hey, you still there?"

"H-hoseok, if you do not get a *f-fucking move on, Hobi, Hobi*-"

And then it happens, so suddenly Yoongi feels like he could get whiplash, Hoseok's pupils have dilated and the commanding tone of an alpha has fully entered his voice. "Yoongi, look at me."

Yoongi looks at him. He doesn't think he'd be able to disobey at this point.

Hoseok is grinning now, like he's got something terribly precious in front of him, not just a flushing Yoongi who's squirming, with sweat sticking his bangs to his forehead. "What do you want to do next?"

"*Hobi*," whines Yoongi, trying to grind upwards, pinned still by Hoseok's thighs. "*H-hobi*-"

Hoseok kisses Yoongi's throat, tongue lapping against the pulse point. "Mm. Enough teasing?"

"A-alpha, I-"

"Mm. I think so too," Hoseok says conversationally against Yoongi's left nipple, his tongue burning against the sensitive area. Yoongi feels like an unexploded bomb, fisting his hands in the sheets, lifting them to tug at the curled ends of Hoseok's hair. Hoseok's hands return to Yoongi's hips, his thumb popping the button of his jeans easily. "Don't you?"

Yoongi groans.

"Answer me, or I'll stop right now, Yoongi." He's fucking *toying* with him.

"Yes, yes, *enough, enough*, Hobi, Hobi, enough," Yoongi babbles and falls apart just as he's commanded to do.

Hoseok giggles again and slides Yoongi's jeans down, pulling them off one ankle at a time. His thumb strokes through the soft fabric of Yoongi's boxers, rough skin coming so close to Yoongi's aching cock,

and when Hoseok draws his hand away his thumb is wet with slick and precome. “God. That’s fucking wet, Yoongi.”

Yoongi is *so done* with this. “Hobi, come on, come on, just - Hobi, *Hobi*,” and as Hoseok licks the tip of his thumb, once more Yoongi covers his eyes with his hands, the weight of Hoseok’s stare feeling like the heavy weight of mocking laughter.

“Hey, eyes on me or this stops now.”

Yoongi doesn’t move.

Hoseok taps the inside of Yoongi’s thigh lightly. “You look gorgeous, Yoongi, and if you don’t see what I’m seeing I can’t go on.” And then something clicks in his mind and his voice is layered with dark intent, alpha dominance dripping from his words: “*Yoongi, look at me right now.*”

His eyes fly open, wide and dark and so fucking turned on he’s not sure he’ll survive the four days of his heat with *this*. “Alpha, please-”

“Let me take my time,” Hoseok says languidly when he’s sure Yoongi’s looking. Fucking bastard, sitting there, so composed with his jeans still on and his hand trailing ever-so-close-but-not-quite-touching Yoongi’s cock, still trapped within his boxers. “Mm. So much slick, Yoongi, we’ve hardly done anything yet.”

“H-heat.”

A laugh. Again. “Oh, yeah. Heat.”

Yoongi reaches down, touching Hoseok’s belt-loops. “Off, Hobi, Hobi, *please*, come on. Come on.”

“Just lie back and wait, Yoongi,” says Hoseok reprovably as he slaps Yoongi’s hand away, taking his left hand from Yoongi’s hip to press his hand to the bedsheets again. Yoongi stares at the ceiling, bubbling with excitement when he hears the sound of Hoseok shimmying out of his own jeans, settling in between Yoongi’s thighs once more, and then the soft touch of teasing fingertips through cloth.

Yoongi has never regretted wearing underwear as much in his entire life.

Hoseok is talkative, but not overly so, whispering about how *pretty* Yoongi is and how *lovely* he feels and how delicious his lips taste,

compliments that leave Yoongi panting for breath. Hoseok distracts him like this - distracts him so that the first fingertip breaching the tight ring of muscle is a shock. "Yah!"

Hoseok stops. "Too much, hyung?" He kisses, again, flutteringly innocent against the softness of Yoongi's cheek. "But you're so *slick*, I didn't think we'd need-"

"N-no, n-no, go on, go on," Yoongi mumbles, turning his head, seeking blindly for the connection Hoseok immediately takes away.

"Nope, we're gonna do it my way *just this once*," Hoseok says lightly, but with the promise of retribution should Yoongi disobey. A proper alpha voice.

And just a fingertip. Yoongi could *die*.

"God, you're so tight. You fuck other people? You ever been fucked before, Yoongi?"

Yoongi shakes his head rapidly, figuring that Shimin behind the back of the Porta-cabin when he was sixteen doesn't count, figuring that if he opened his mouth now he would seriously embarrass himself. Hoseok pushes through, the tip of his finger purposefully missing his prostate, humming with dark intent. His eyes are hooded, wide, and from this angle Yoongi can see the tent in Hoseok's underwear, his cock straining for release.

Hoseok smiles. "I'll change that. You're gonna love it. Heat hurts?"

"L-like hell, h-hurts like *hell*," Yoongi manages to breathe out as Hoseok's fingertip comes *so, so close*. "Hobi-"

"All in good time, hyung," Hoseok smirks, Yoongi can *hear* him smirking. He's desperate now for something other than being slowly fucked open by Hoseok's fingers, which aren't nearly thick enough, long enough, *enough*, and now he's reaching down, trying to wrap a hand around himself, to do something about his cock, sucking his own bottom lip into his mouth.

Abruptly, Hoseok stops. Just stops, two fingers inside Yoongi, and *grins*. "What did I say?"

"N-nothing," Yoongi tries to say defiantly, but his voice wobbles, his tongue thick in his mouth.

“No touching yourself. Not until I say.”

“B-but-”

Hoseok reaches up with his free hand, his index finger stroking Yoongi’s lips as he resumes slowly widening him. “Suck if you want, but no touching.”

Yoongi doesn’t need to be told twice, opening his mouth eagerly and swirling his tongue around the tip of Hoseok’s finger, wishing, *wishing* he would just hurry up. He feels slick leaking out of him, dripping onto the bed; it’s a good thing it’s been made especially for heats because the fabric is that liquid-absorbing kind, the sort that takes the slick and dries without making the entire experience even more uncomfortable.

This isn’t comfortable. It isn’t uncomfortable.

It’s electric, and when Hoseok makes a noise - a strained noise, like he’s holding back, Yoongi jolts upwards again, the friction of his cock against Hoseok’s feeling so deliciously murderous. He pulls his fingers out of Yoongi’s mouth to hold his waist, and Yoongi feels his own saliva trailing down his chin, but can’t bring himself to care. “Hobi, Hobi, *come on*, Hobi-”

Hoseok crooks his fingers, hitting Yoongi’s prostate, and with a wicked smile suddenly removes the three digits he had inside him. “What do you say?”

Yoongi whines down at the sudden emptiness he feels, fisting weakly in the sheets, knowing he must look like a mess here in front of Hoseok.

Hoseok relents, bending to kiss him softly, sweetly, one hand cupping Yoongi’s cheek, the other pulling his underwear off himself. Yoongi closes his eyes into the kiss, but when he’s regained his senses enough to see without the blur in his vision, he sees Hoseok’s cock - dark and thick, precome leaking from the tip, his underwear dark and stained on the bed beside him.

“Hoseok,” Yoongi groans through the kiss and clack of teeth against teeth, clumsy in their mutual greed. “H-hoseok.”

Hoseok is a fucking bastard, and because of this, he simply toys with the head of Yoongi’s cock, flicking his thumb over the tip, smiling into Yoongi’s neck over the mark he’s given him. “What do you say?” He

repeats.

Gasping at the contact - so little, too little, give him *more* - Yoongi refuses to answer, delighted at the spark of darkness his stubbornness has brought forward in Hoseok's eyes.

Hoseok begins to stroke, languid and slow, with the hand that has just been in Yoongi's mouth. With his other hand, he traces down the inside of Yoongi's thigh. "I asked you twice, and I'm only gonna ask you once more. What do you say?"

"I - *ah*," Yoongi breathes as something inside him twists, painfully reminding him that his heat is *soon*, now, and he can leave the teasing 'till later. "Please, H-hoseok, *p-please*."

"Perfect," Hoseok says contentedly, "You okay?"

F-fucking, just, fucking f-fuck me, H-hobi-"

Hoseok laughs. "Yeah, okay, Yoongi, have patience."

Yoongi could scream, he honestly could, at how *composed* and fucking *perfect* Hoseok sounds next to him, him writhing and squeaking and leaking slick like he's a fucking teenager again.

And then there's the gentle touch of Hoseok's tip to Yoongi's inner thigh, the *only* warning Yoongi gets before Hoseok suddenly grabs his hips and pushes all the way in, the burn of his thickness - wider even than the three fingers he's been prepped with - making Yoongi keen high in the back of his throat, his vision blurring, once more grasping at sheets and at himself, trying to get some sort of purchase on *something*.

"Oh, god," Hoseok says brokenly, "Oh, god."

"M- *move*," Yoongi pants. "*Hobi!*"

Hoseok growls low and deep, pulling almost all the way out before slamming back in, Yoongi gripping his shoulders for purchase. "G-god, you feel so good, Yoongi, Yoongi, not gonna last-"

Yoongi is beyond speaking now, so filled and full and sated, sweat dripping off his forehead and his chest and his neck, feeling the smooth wetness of his slick as Hoseok disturbs it. He can only make soft, gasping yells, but his fingernails cut crescents of delight into Hoseok's shoulders.

It should last longer, maybe, but the past *month* has been nothing but subtle foreplay, and Yoongi's heat means he isn't going to last for the length he usually would, and maybe Hoseok's just as turned on as Yoongi is. It would explain why Hoseok suddenly shouts a strained warning, his mouth on Yoongi's neck, his hands on Yoongi's hips.

Hoseok comes with a yell, filling Yoongi with it, but not knotting; not yet. Yoongi can't bring himself to care, really, as he comes untouched a few seconds later, almost completely out of it from the sheer unexpected pleasure of being treated as he should, as an omega going into heat. He feels come dripping out of him onto the absorbent sheets and knows, knows he feels so fucking happy and blissed out. He's watching Hoseok fetch a washcloth on shaky legs, Yoongi's own come striping his stomach, and smiles.

When Hoseok returns, gently sponging the warm liquid over his neck and shoulders, it doesn't take much for Yoongi to start purring.

"I'll wake up in a while for heat," he murmurs while he still can, the atmosphere in the room slowly cooling from its sex-filled state. "You can leave if you don't want to deal with it, I won't mind."

Hoseok cards his fingers through Yoongi's hair. "I wouldn't do that. You're amazing, you know, I - yeah. We'll talk after," he finishes, kissing Yoongi's cheek. "Get all the sleep you can, now."

Really, it's all a matter of where you fit.

Right now? With their group, BTS, finally debuting? With Min Yoongi, rapper, writer, omega, standing proud on the debut stage with his microphone raised in the air? Knowing that every alpha in the room is looking at him, but he only cares about one?

Jung Hoseok smiles into Yoongi's neck that night, his hands pliant and gentle over previous love bites. "You fit just fine, Yoongi," he says. "Just fine."

He fits just fine.

Chapter End Notes

my first published bts fic *wipes tear* if you want to subscribe to me (or however i still dont know how to work ao3) ive got quite

a few things stored up > .

coda part 1 - hoseok

Chapter Notes

this was not meant to exist but now it does so
YAYYYYYYYYYYYYYY. i hope it lives up to expectations.

part 4 up tomorrow. thank you if you commented saying you wanted this - you're the reason it's here, and I had more fun than i thought i would :D
(ophelle and boatbeforeabridge especially)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Hoseok knows he will remember this moment for all his life; a snapshot burned into the back of his brain, a greyscale image of terror and gut-wrenching fear. What if the others don't like him? Group dynamics is essential in being selected for the final *final* cut, beyond even the trainee stage, and if Hoseok isn't personable...

He's run out of opportunities.

So he smiles until his cheeks hurt, bowing low to the managers and those that are clearly older than him, nodding respectfully to the younger ones.

"Yah," says someone he's just nodded to, just as Hoseok's turning away, "Show more respect to your hyung, brat."

It's sarcasm, Hoseok's rational thought tells him, but the current grey-terror-snapshot Hoseok jumps. "Ah! Sorry!"

"No problem," says the new hyung, and Hoseok looks *down*.

It's not that the boy is smaller than him by that much. Not really. It's just that the voice he used was oozing confidence, and he smells of that cologne alphas use when they *really* want to be fuckboys and disguise their rut by making it even more obvious, and suddenly Hoseok's mouth is dry and his cheeks are pink and he can't believe an alpha would be this damn cute.

"You're small," he says.

What he *means* to say is -

God, he doesn't know.

But the boy just smiles, crooked, his teeth poking over his bottom lip just the slightest, a tease view of what he could be. "I'm small, but I'm here, brat, you better remember it."

Hoseok nods. That's the thing - the pride running through all the shortlisted trainees. They were good enough to *get here*, good enough to be where they are now, and no amount of accidental insults will take away from that. "What's your speciality."

"I'm a rapper. Used to be in the underground," says the boy proudly, shoving his hands into his pockets. His hair is dark and styled in a swoop over one eye - Hoseok stares at it, imagining it flattened and ruffled and sleepy, and then catches himself on.

What is he thinking?

"That's cool!" He says brightly, because it genuinely is - underground rap is a hard place to survive in Seoul, he's heard.

"And you?"

"Huh?"

"Aish," says the boy, prodding Hoseok's foot with the toe of his sneaker. He smiles again. "What do you specialise in?"

Hoseok thinks of his dance, then of his vocal lessons, then of his tentative attempts at rapping, trying as hard as he can to find a niche. He auditioned with all three - he's still not sure which one he was selected for. "I'm... just kind of here," he says, but he does smile back, instinct making him turn up the cockiness in his voice, the crook to his hip.

(Why? This boy is clearly an alpha, too, he *smells* like an alpha, so why does Hoseok feel the need to attract him so?)

(Why is he so attractive in the first place?)

"Well, you did better than most, kid," says the boy. "You did better than most."

Hoseok stares after him with something warm pooling in his gut, and wonders desperately why.

As it turns out, he's sharing a dorm room with the boy, who's called Min Yoongi. He's also sharing the room with Choi Hyunwo, Jeon Jeongguk, and Kim Taehyung, who all slot into his life without much bother.

Kim Taehyung, in particular, is *very* easy to be around. He's as bouncy as Hoseok is, full of vitality, and whenever Taehyung is at his most excitable, Hoseok feels more energised by him.

And he's an omega, which is nice. (Although, by the way Taehyung eyes Jeongguk - the tiny baby of an alpha - Hoseok doesn't think he has much chance there.)

And.. does he want it? Does he want Taehyung, the *achievable* omega, when Min Yoongi is in the picture? God, this is confusing, because Hoseok honestly doesn't know what he feels for the older alpha. Yoongi is tall, even though he isn't, carrying himself with such confidence that it makes Hoseok pity whoever gets in Yoongi's way; but then again, Yoongi is small, curled in on himself when they watch a movie that first night, wiping tears away with the corner of his pillow when that man gave the boy a badge at the end.

Put simply, Jung Hoseok is confused.

"I'm confused," he says to Taehyung, who is eating Rainbow Drops one at a time, surveying each pop of sugar before sticking it on the end of his tongue to watch it melt.

"What about?" Taehyung responds with a mouthful of sugar. He swallows, looking eager.

Hoseok looks around to make sure Yoongi isn't near. "About Yoongi."

"Oh," says the younger, tilting his head to one side, "Has he been giving you grief or something?"

"He -" Hoseok's throat closes around the words. "He's hot as fuck, TaeTae."

"Ah."

"Yeah."

"That's not meant to be-"

“I know!”

There’s a sigh, and the rustle of plastic. Taehyung proffers the bag of Rainbow Drops, crackling them between finger and thumb. “Have a drop, Hoseok, you deserve it. I thought it was biologically impossible for two alphas to be attracted?”

“It’s meant to be,” Hoseok frowns. He feels kind of ill, although he supposes that might just be the sweets on an empty stomach. “See, I thought - but then he *smells*-”

“I smell cologne off him most times, or just neutrality, and I’m an omega. I’m who he’s *meant* to appeal to in the first place.” Taehyung tips the rest of the bag into his mouth, a contemplative expression on his face. “I think he just doesn’t want to fill the place with pheromones.”

“Hm.”

“Don’t stress too much.”

Hoseok blinks twice, and stands. “I won’t. I’ll just... go down to the practice room, get some done. It’s the morning, nobody will be down there.”

“Nope!” Taehyung cheerfully waves at him, still curled up on the sofa surrounded by sweets. “Have fun with your identity crisis!”

“Will do!” Hoseok calls back as he opens the broken door to the dorm. He does feel better about the whole situation, because Taehyung is so *calm* all the time that it really does take the stress off his shoulders. And really, what’s so bad about thinking Min Yoongi is gorgeous?

Loads of people do.

Well, they will, when he debuts.

Hoseok pushes the door of the practice room open, wondering why he can hear the song they’re dancing to in a tinny sort of echo in the centre of the room.

Oh my god.

Min Yoongi. Yoongi, curled up on the floor with his phone in his hand, fingers loosely uncurled around the sides, one arm wrapped around himself. His sleeves are a little too long; his trousers a little

baggy; his hoodie a little big. His hair is fluffed and ruffled, and his cheeks are pink with some mystery affliction, his lips slightly parted as his breath huffs against the inside of his wrist. He's fallen asleep watching Hoseok dance, and Hoseok's gut stirs at the sight.

"Don't exhaust yourself," he says softly, kneeling beside Yoongi and pausing the video. The air is lightly scented with - autumn leaves and butter toffee? - and it smells like heaven to Hoseok as he lifts Yoongi gently, one arm under his knees, one under his shoulders, moving him to the pile of coats and hoodies in the corner of the room. It's the work of a moment to cover Yoongi with his jacket, and as Yoongi's fingers curl over the edge, cuddling into the nest, Hoseok feels his heart thumping in his chest.

He's very, very fucked.

"Hm," Yoongi exhales in a small huff of breath. His lips curve.

Everything hangs in the balance of this moment.

"Tired, Hobi," Yoongi says in a breath of air. His eyes don't open.

"Tired."

"Sleep, then," Hoseok murmurs. He touches a hand to Yoongi's cheek, soft and silent as summer creeping up over spring.

Yoongi brushes against Hoseok's hand, and does so, and Hoseok is very fucked indeed.

Yoongi is hugging someone, an *omega*, and whispering something in her ear, and the springed coil of jealousy in Hoseok's throat leaps up him, curving out of his mouth and making him growl. A beta squeaks and scurries away from him, his eyes wide and frightened, at the *envy* making Hoseok see everything in shades of red and green.

He's coming out of the store now, putting something in his pocket, the pink flush of illness almost gone from his cheeks for the first time in a week or so.

Hoseok acts before he thinks. "Yoongi?" He tries to smile; wonders if it looks fake. "Yoongi! You got the day off, too? How're you feeling? Better? I was really worried."

He was. Still is.

“No, I - I feel bad, still,” Yoongi rasps, staggering worryingly on his feet, his eyes still glazed even if the colour is gone. He looks pained. “Are you okay? I don’t want to get you sick.”

“I have the immune system of a brick wall,” Hoseok announces grandly, slinging his arm around Yoongi’s shoulders as though they were friends, but really to try and hold him up a little. He’s *worried*, worried beyond what he should be, at how weak Yoongi seems these days. “I - um, in the drugstore, I saw you. That your girlfriend?”

To his endless relief, Yoongi scoffs. “Oh - it’s complicated, I - we dated in the past, y’know, but she found another alpha. I’m strictly platonic now.”

Thank God.

“Poor you,” Hoseok says, unable to hide the happiness in his step, in his voice, in his smile. “It hurts to break the bond, if you’ve - you had, right?” (He remembers Yoonwon, soft fingers scratching down his back.)

“Mmhmm.”

“Hurts,” Hoseok repeats. He shoves Yoonwon out of his head - Yoongi doesn’t need to know about him. Nobody does. He’s a mistake of the past, a teenage impulse gone wrong.

They walk in silence for a step or two, Hoseok enjoying the feeling of familiarity, when Yoongi clears his throat. “Hey, do you want to get lunch? I know a place. I used to live here, y’see, before it all kicked in, so we’ll get a discount.”

Sounds good. “Suits me,” Hoseok smiles, and smiles wider when Yoongi loops his small hand through the crook of his arm, dragging him along back alleys and shortcut streets to a bar oozing alpha pheromones and dominance.

“Min motherfuckin’ Yoongi!”

A shout comes from behind the darkened bar and Yoongi’s mouth twists into a bizarre interpretation of a smile, jagged and twisted and meaner than Hoseok’s used to. He looks around in bewilderment as Yoongi tugs him by the sleeve, the faintly-accented man behind the bar continuing all the while.

“Guess who’s back, guys? Yoongi, siddown, Yoongi, tell us all! What you up to now, you haven’t been ‘round! Who’s your friend? Yah, you there, Park whatsyourface, get up and get my friends some food!”

“You said you’d get a discount, not a coming-home feast,” is all Hoseok can manage to say, laughing a little at the greetings Yoongi receives from men and women two heads taller than him, slaps on the back and food produced from nowhere. “I didn’t think you had it in you.”

Yoongi pats the barstool beside him, smiling at Hoseok, making his heart burn. “I’m a man of hidden depths, what can I say?”

The barman appears once more, tall and blonde and a beta, his blue eyes like two chips of sapphire. Easygoing. Takes no shit. “Where’ve you been?”

Taking a chip from the bowl in front of him, one arm brushing against Hoseok’s, Yoongi shrugs. “Around.” Hoseok’s head flies up in surprise. “This here is Hoseok, he raps too, but I’m taking a break for a bit. Family’s a bit sick back home, but you know what they’re like.” And isn’t *that* vague. Hoseok gets the sense of being suddenly thrown into the unknown, with his only anchor fast transforming before his eyes. “So I’m just layin’, doing whatever. Just odd jobs, yeah?” The satoori is thick and familiar, soothing over Hoseok’s ears, and he smells autumn leaves and butter toffee for a moment, faintly wafting in the air.

Why isn’t he talking about the trainees?

“I-” Hoseok begins, about to say something, but a small, definite kick to his ankle stops him.

Yoongi says no. So there *are* things he’d like hidden about himself from this crowd - they aren’t privy to his whole life.

Hoseok will never admit to how relieved that thought makes him. He’s seen Min Yoongi sleeping on the floor, watching a girl group dancing in his sleep, and they haven’t.

Hah.

“Tell me when you comin’ back, I’ll save you a spot. Got some cute lil omega, wants to know when Suga’ll be back ‘cuz he’s her *absolute favourite*,” the barman laughs low and a little mean and something cold curls up at the bottom of Hoseok’s stomach. The barman nudges

Yoongi over the greasy bar. "You up to fuck? She's cute as hell, Yoongi, a real catch. Tits like you wouldn't believe."

Hoseok looks sideways at Yoongi, who looks like the smirk he's wearing has cost a lot to make. "Nah, man, you know me."

The barman winks. "Strictly beta, yeah, I gotcha."

Where has the Yoongi gone, the one that just last week agreed with Taehyung, even joining in a little, when Taehyung went on an impassioned rant about the discrimination of omegas in society? Sure, maybe he isn't the most vocal about all that stuff, not as passionate as Hoseok or Namjoon might be, but this is -

Is this the Yoongi he's meant to be? The Yoongi he really is?

Please, no. But what about that girl Yoongi was hugging in the drugstore?

"Strictly - hey, what about-"

Yoongi interrupts Hoseok, far more casual and dominant than Hoseok might be used to. "How's Eunwon? You still fuckin'?"

The coarse language makes Hoseok gape.

"Bonded last week," the barman raises his middle finger to Yoongi, grinning. "Beta on beta is fucking *hot*, man, you seen that? We ain't got the bearin', sure, we ain't got the drive, but she's a good fuck all the same."

"Bonded, huh? Who'd thought," Yoongi says. He looks off into the middle distance uncomfortably, and Hoseok feels a sudden longing to cover Yoongi's hand on the bar with his own, white skin contrasted against his tan, small under Hoseok.

Hoseok smells it again, autumn leaves and butter toffee.

"I'm gettin' the domestic shivers, man, freaky as fuck. Hey, whaddabout you? You got any sweet omegas? Betas are good, too, man, speaking as a one."

It takes Hoseok a moment to realise he's being addressed, and when he does he jumps in his seat as though he's been shocked. "I - nah, man, don't have the time," he manages, slipping in his Gwangju accent blended with the Seoul he's picked up since his time here. He

looks sideways at Yoongi, who's getting redder in the face, shrinking a little in his seat, as though dreading something to come.

The barman laughs. "Omegas, man, who needs 'em? Good for nothing but fuckin' and cookin', you ask me."

Hoseok forces himself to laugh along with the other three, and pretends he isn't dying inside.

The walk back is stilted. Every few steps, Yoongi will stagger against him, and it takes all of Hoseok's effort not to just lift the smaller boy up (he *could*, if he wanted) and carry him home, look after him as he would an omega, but he can't. Yoongi is a fucking alpha, and if there was any doubt in Hoseok's mind, it's been squashed after that conversation in the bar.

On impulse, he pulls Yoongi into the speciality chocolate shop he visited once with Yoonwon.

It smells of cocoa and not autumn leaves and butter toffee.

(Yoonwon smelled of earthy soil, fresh flowers in springtime.)

"Those were your friends, huh," Hoseok says, unable to stop the tiny fragment of judgement in his voice, the need to take control, the need to be an alpha to the boy beside him, who is looking at a flower arrangement of spun chocolates in shame.

Yoongi wilts. "No. No, I wouldn't say that." He looks suddenly more fragile, like the spun sugar he stands beside, his index finger brushing the corner of his lip nervously.

"They knew you better than I would," Hoseok murmurs. He stretches out to touch the sharp corner of a box of chocolates, wondering how much the raspberry snaps might cost. "They knew you better."

"They don't really. They don't, they just - we hung around in the same circles, is all, and Toby got me a gig or two. I only brought - Toby's the only guy that does free food, or I wouldn't have-" Yoongi panics, Hoseok *sees* it, his hands shoved deep into his pockets, his eyes wide and pleading for Hoseok to understand.

"It's okay," Hoseok says. He feels lighter, rejuvenated. "That's good, Yoongi-hyung, that's good."

On the remainder of the walk, Hoseok buys Yoongi a loveheart on a

stick, and a box of raspberry snaps. He ignores the doves made of chocolate that he bought for Yoonwon, and ignores how relieved Yoongi becomes after he makes a text and shoves his phone in his pocket.

Hoseok doesn't see Yoongi for another week. Apparently his father is ill, that's what the manager tells them, and it must be bad if she allowed him away so easily.

"Hobi-hobi-hobi," Taehyung sings, three days into Yoongi's absence, when Hoseok is lying on the floor with his legs stretched up the wall of the lounge. "Have you seen Jeonggukkie?"

"Can't say I have," Hoseok replies absently. He's thinking about Yoonwon, and chocolates, and autumn leaves and butter toffee, and how maybe there's something wrong with him. When that trainee omega from two rooms down, whatshisname- Park Jiwoon, when he left for his heat the other day, Hoseok didn't even get interested.

(Well, not much.)

Jiwoon smelt of cupcake batter and sweetness. And it smelt *wrong*.

He isn't expecting Taehyung to flop beside him with a contented sigh and an eyeroll. Yet that's what the omega does, without even a complaint about how Hoseok is keeping him from Jeongguk's side, without saying anything except poking Hoseok to get him to move over and share the space.

A few moments.

Hoseok thinks of Yoonwon some more, because there's something stinging sweet about the pain it brings back to him, and then he thinks of Yoongi and sweeps a balm of leaves and toffee over Yoonwon's springtime.

He *can't* be this attracted to another alpha, that's just not how biology works, but he *is* and it hurts like hell. Yoongi is an alpha. So is Hoseok.

"You're thinking so hard it's burning my brain," Taehyung says.

"M not."

"Are too. Wanna hear me talk about Jeonggukkie? I hear from reliable sources it's like chewing-gum for the ears."

"What the fuck does that even mean?" Hoseok asks, laughing despite himself. This is why Taehyung relaxes him - he's almost completely unable to take things seriously, and he almost always seems to draw Hoseok out of whatever funk he's gotten himself into.

Taehyung laughs. "Namjoonie told me it was relaxing. *And* Jeonggukkie gets all embarrassed when I talk about it in front of him, so everybody wins!"

"Cute," Hoseok says, half-teasingly. It kind of... doesn't *annoy* him, not at all, Taehyung and Jeongguk are adorable, but it rankles that Jeongguk has found someone so perfect for him, the match to him, and Taehyung is an omega.

Alphas can't have sex, as a rule. But then alphas don't smell sweet, like autumn leaves and butter toffee, and alphas don't make Hoseok want to curl up into a ball and write sappy love poems, and alphas don't make Hoseok buy expensive chocolates just to keep the smile dancing on their faces.

"Aish, Hobi-hobi, just tell me what's wrong so I can dispense my wisdom. I'm getting twitchy just *looking* at you."

Hoseok means to brush it off, but instead he turns his head, looking at Taehyung appraisingly. "Have you ever met anyone called Park Yoonwon?"

"Park Yoonwon? Nope, nope," Taehyung says airily. "Who's that?"

"My old bondmate," Hoseok says, promptly putting his foot right into a deep, dark hole he probably isn't ready to walk into.

Taehyung whistles low, under his breath. "Is this repressed teen angst coming at us? Because I want to get right into the mindset for it, and this better be leading up to how you've discovered that you're secretly an omega or maybe Yoongi-hyung is secretly an omega, I don't know which yet."

"Neither," Hoseok manages. "Um."

Taehyung looks at him. "I'm ready when you are. A listening receptacle, right at your shoulder. Chewing-gum for the mouth. No, wait - ah, fuck, forget it. Go ahead, Hobi."

"Park Yoonwon."

"Yep."

"We were in school together."

"Yep."

"He was an omega."

Taehyung frowns. "High school sweetheart? Man, this sounds like an anime. What happened?"

Hoseok thinks of the first night, of hot heat from two inexperienced *teenagers*, hands clasped, lips warm. He thinks of dates through Seoul at winter. "He cheated on me when I was auditioning in places. You know, underground, in the Big Three, stuff like that. I'd leave for a night to be here in Seoul and audition and he would go to this other alpha's place and they'd laugh their ass off about me, being all idealistic and hoping I'd become an idol."

"Jesus."

"Yeah," Hoseok says, kicking Taehyung's foot where it rests beside his on the wall. "So we fought, and the bond broke. I thought maybe-"

"You thought you got so fucked up from that that you switched secondary gender?"

Now Taehyung vocalises it, it sounds fucking ridiculous. His face burns. "I - no, no."

"Nah, Hobi, it's cool." Taehyung pokes Hoseok's foot back. "I get why you're worried, but hey, maybe all this shit isn't all it's cracked up to be. If you think he's hot, if you're attracted to his smell, then just go for it. The worst that can happen is a rejection, but if you both work at it then it won't affect dynamics at all, right?"

"Right," Hoseok says uncertainly.

Taehyung beams. "When he comes back from Daegu, tell him."

Yoongi comes back.

He looks fragile, and small, and Hoseok wants to protect him forever from whatever made him look like that. He looks like anything could knock him over, which means it's hardly the right time for Hoseok to go to him angsting about how he's an alpha too but he's hot as fuck so could they please give this a go?

Never mind that he makes Hoseok laugh and everything he does relaxes him and he feels on top of the world with every wide smile that passes his lips.

They get narrowed down.

Finalised, and Hoseok hasn't told him.

There are seven of them and Hoseok can't believe this is happening, not really. Seokjin is kind and gentle and cooks a great stir-fry, Namjoon is clumsy and good-natured and has time for everyone, Taehyung is light and bubbly and always friendly, Jimin is cute and sweet and playful, Jeongguk is awkward and shy and in love, and Yoongi is Yoongi.

The final seven. A name is being decided for the group, now, and choreography and lyrics and *everything* becomes so much more important.

Hoseok goes to the practice room when Yoongi doesn't come up a full two hours after he's meant to. The prospect of debuting is stressing the rapper out probably more than anyone else, making him withdrawn and quiet and exhausted.

Sure enough, there he is, moving half-heartedly to the beat of their song. Hoseok feels a swell of concern. "Yoongi-hyung. Hyung, it's three in the morning, we have to rise early, we - hyung!"

Yoongi turns during the bridge of the song, swaying from side to side as he looks Hoseok up and down, eyes wide, cheeks red with

exhaustion. “Hoseok? What are you doing up?” He sounds so tired, so surprised.

“You didn’t come back to the dorm when you said you would, and I got worried,” Hoseok pitches his voice lower, tries to be more relaxing. God knows Yoongi needs some peace. “Seokjin-hyung made pasta and Namjoonie insisted we save it, but Taehyung accidentally ate it, so I’m here... um, to buy you ramen.”

“To buy me ramen.”

Hoseok thinks it was a better plan in his head. “To buy you ramen,” he says anyway. “Are you going over the choreo?”

Yoongi’s eyes skate from Hoseok’s face, down to his chest and up again, flushing in embarrassment. “I was just...”

“You don’t have to,” Hoseok says. *You’re fine. There’s time.*

“I do,” says Yoongi, something pleading in his voice. “If I need to get selected-”

Hoseok can’t stand the doubt there. “*Hyung*, they’ve selected us already. We’re here, you and me and everyone else.” He stares at Yoongi, at the hair fluffed with practice and his cheeks stained with exertion, and thinks: *adorable*.

“But if they-”

“They won’t.”

“They *might*, Hoseok, I-”

“Yoongi.”

Hoseok isn’t sure what makes him so certain Yoongi will accept his control, but he steps forward, taking Yoongi’s hand away from the twisted hem of his shirt. “I’m taking you for ramen and then you’re going to sleep and we’ve got off tomorrow, so you’re going to wake up late and watch cartoons with all of us. Jeonggukkie is looking forward to Adventure Time.”

“I-”

Hoseok pulls a little on the hand he’s holding, and Yoongi staggers into his side, clutching tight. The sleepiness has dragged whatever posturing Yoongi might be doing away, and now all that’s left is

someone that willingly falls into the warmth of Hoseok's side, someone that gives him heat there, heart there.

"You need to wait for it to click, y'know. It always takes a while, but take it step by step, it'll work," Hoseok says. He pokes Yoongi out the door and into the stickiness of a Seoul spring morning, the sweat springing to his skin almost immediately.

He fights off a smile when Yoongi whines: "*You* know it."

When it's accompanied by a petulant pout Hoseok can't help but chuckle. "I've been training in dance since I was a kid. 'S the same way you've been rapping your whole life."

Yoongi squeezes his hand. "Only a couple of years. Only a few. I'm not - I don't have anything like that, like your dance."

Hoseok winces. Yoongi says it like it's true, like it's something Hoseok is stupid for not noticing. "Don't say that, hyung."

"S true, Hobi. Take me to the ramen." Something slow and sad has entered Yoongi's voice, something Hoseok aches to get rid of, but doesn't know how to.

"Ramen."

"Yeah."

Hoseok leads Yoongi in silence for a while, noticing how the smaller boy freezes up, his fingers beginning to blue, and puts their linked hands in the pocket of his sweater to keep them warm. "You have piano."

Yoongi scoffs self-deprecatingly. "Everyone has piano." His breath freezes in the air, despite the warmth, and he shivers closer to Hoseok.

"I don't. Namjoonie, Seokjin, Gukkie, Tae, Jimin - they don't. You have music. Most idol groups have their songs written for them."

Yoongi shrugs, although there's a blush now to his cheeks. "It isn't a big deal."

Hoseok can only squeeze his hand, the certainty in his voice bleeding into his words. "It is to me, hyung."

Yoongi is quiet, complacent, as Hoseok seats them both outside an all-night ramen shop. He orders for them, too, and the old omega woman

manning the stall smiles kindly at him, one of her front teeth missing. "Ah, courting. I used to do that, young man, people would do that for me. You treat him right?"

Hoseok looks back at Yoongi, at soft eyes half-shut. He smiles. "I try, ma'am," he says at last. "I try."

She pats his hand as she hands him the tray with their ramen on it. "And believe me, young man, he'll appreciate you trying more than he'll appreciate expensive stuff. You take care of him, you do. Young love is a beautiful thing."

Hoseok can just nod with a lump in his throat, happy the smell of ramen covers up the smell of Yoongi's alpha cologne. (He still wears far too much of that.) "I try, ma'am. He deserves the world."

He does.

It feels nice to say it. It feels nice for someone to think they're a normal couple, an alpha and an omega out for ramen in the middle of the night.

She smiles one last time. "I wish you all the best."

"Thank you," he bows his head, and gives her the rest of his change before wandering over to the booth again. Yoongi is almost asleep, adorable curled up in the corner, and Hoseok cracks the disposable chopsticks between his palms before handing them to him. "Here you are."

"Should pay," Yoongi mumbles, sounding exhausted. "Should pay, 'f you dragged me out. You should be sleeping."

Hoseok smiles fondly - *young love is a beautiful thing* - "I like this better," he says, watching Yoongi eat half the bowl before sleep finally takes him completely, his eyes fluttering shut and his head falling forwards onto his arm. "Thank you," he calls again to the woman, walking around to Yoongi.

"Always happy to help," she says. Her eyes dance with mirth as Hoseok pulls off his sweater, wrapping it around Yoongi to try and keep him warm a little in the cold air. "Will you have any trouble getting him home?"

Hoseok lifts Yoongi gently. "No, no, don't worry."

“Come back anytime,” she says. “I always like to encourage you young people. It’s nice to see some wholesome couples still exist now.”

Hoseok laughs a little at that. “Well, we try, that’s for sure. Have a good night, miss.”

He carries Yoongi back to the dorms, ignoring Taehyung’s soft wolf-whistle, and tucks Yoongi into his bed. Yoongi’s hand curls around the covers, nestled into the pillows, making a soft murmur of contentment at the enveloping warmth.

“Good night,” Hoseok whispers to him, the smell of autumn leaves and butter toffee rolling over him. “Sleep well.”

“Hobi,” Yoongi whispers sleepily. “Thank you.”

Hoseok gives himself this one moment to brush his hand over Yoongi’s cheek. “I’d do the same again,” he promises the sleeping boy, and then he leaves the room and hates himself.

Chapter End Notes

please comment if you enjoyed it! (or if you hated it) and remember, the final part is up tomorrow! x

coda part 2 - hoseok

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hoseok is walking up the stairs from the practice room to the dorm rooms, looking for Seokjin because Namjoon (fucking finally) wants to confess to him, and they have the rest of the week off, so Namjoon is planning on a big romantic walk. Or something. Hoseok kind of zoned out as soon as he was given his task - fetch Jin.

And he's going to, he's right about to open the door, when he hears Yoongi's voice.

"Mornin'," Yoongi says, his voice full of sleep. "You made coffee? Can I get?"

So Seokjin is in there, then. Hoseok smiles, about to open the door, and-

"These are pretty strong blockers, Yoongi," Seokjin says.

Hoseok freezes.

There are three seconds of heavy silence before Yoongi laughs shakily. "Y-yeah, they are. Purple is drugs, yeah? Don't know much about that stuff."

But -

"I won't tell the others," says Seokjin, his soft voice taunting Hoseok with the possibility of - no, no, he doesn't want this if Yoongi doesn't want this, what is wrong - "I just need to know. I found them under your bunk, Yoongi, so why do you smell like an alpha right now? And I've seen - I mean, I don't - oh, please, Yoongi, *no don't cry-*"

Fuck. Oh my god.

Yoongi speaks, voice wobbling, and Hoseok can *see* him twisting his shirt uncertainly at the hem, biting his bottom lip. "I don't know what you're talking about, hyung. And I wasn't."

“I’ve seen the way you look at Hoseok, and alphas don’t - no, no, you’re - what’s wrong?”

Hoseok breathes sharply. It feels as though Seokjin has hit him over the side of the head - *I’ve seen the way you look at Hoseok* - what does that mean -

“It’s not true, hyung, they must be Taehyung’s or... or someone else’s, and that’s all in your head, it really is, I’m not - I am, I am an alpha, otherwise I’ll not have, it’ll not be, there’ll - there’ll-”

Hoseok just wants to stop Yoongi from sounding so unhappy ever ever again.

“Yoongi-”

“I’m not!”

Something clatters to the floor, and there’s the sound of thousands of pills bouncing over their tiles.

“Yoongi.”

“I am *fine*,” Yoongi half-sobs through the door. “Just don’t tell the others.”

And, right then, Hoseok forgets that the door is broken. He staggers heavily against it in his shock, just needing something to support him with his mind reeling, and the door cracks open, spilling him into the kitchen.

Fuck.

Fuckfuckfuck-

Yoongi stands, clutching onto Seokjin like a lifeline, staring down at Hoseok with his eyes wide and frightened, his mouth parted in shock at Hoseok.

Hoseok gapes. “I-”

“Oh, fuck you all,” Yoongi snaps. “Fuck you all.” And he bolts for the door, running like a frightened animal in the headlights, ignoring Hoseok’s hoarse yell after him.

“Jesus *Christ*,” Seokjin rasps. He extends a hand to Hoseok. “Did you know?”

Hoseok burns with bubbling hatred for himself, at how he's done this to Yoongi, made him run. "I - no, I didn't, I didn't know a thing. Hyung, what - I'm so sorry, I-"

"Don't *you* start," Seokjin sighs. He hauls Hoseok to his feet, his grip warm, his eyes troubled, his toe nudging one of the little purple pills underneath the fridge. Scent blockers - prescription strength. Is that how Yoongi's convinced them all he was an alpha?

His eyes burn. "I'm so sorry."

"He was going to bolt anyway." Seokjin doesn't sound like he blames Hoseok, even though Yoongi is probably running somewhere, probably freaking the fuck out, probably crying because Yoongi cries a lot even if he tries to pretend he doesn't, and there's no time for Hoseok to feel sorry for himself, no time for Seokjin to reassure him.

So he parts from his hyung's hold, says a breathless, "Namjoon wants to see you in the practice room," and runs out of the room after Yoongi.

His mind is a whirl - *I've seen the way you look at Hoseok* - and steps up, taking each stair three at a time and barrelling out of the door, bouncing off the doorframe before picking a direction at random where the scent of autumn leaves and butter toffee hangs, tantalizingly thin, in the air.

If he can smell it, the smell of a pre-heat underneath Yoongi's natural scent, who knows who else will have?

God. His heart begins to race even faster with concern for Yoongi more than desire. Where is he?

And then he remembers -

"I know where we can get free food-"

Hugging from inside the store, something more intimate than Hoseok feels he has the right to -

Yes. Yoongi will have gone that way, back to the places he knows the best, and Hoseok can only hope he's the first to find him. Yoongi isn't vocal about his past, not at all, but you'd have to be an idiot not to realise how he lived before - once, around the kitchen table, Jeongguk had been telling them about the skiing holiday where his father almost got frostbite, and Yoongi told them casually about a friend of

his that got so cold he lost all the feeling in his little finger.

God, he wishes for Yoongi.

His legs burn. He can't stop running now.

He reaches the bar Yoongi took him to the last time, the place with the leering beta barman and the people that laughed through their noses at stupid jokes. There's still the smell of Yoongi, down these streets where nobody makes eye contact, but now the rancid smell of three alphas he automatically classifies *enemies* meets his nose, and Hoseok's blood freezes in his veins.

"Yoongi?" He shouts. His voice cracks. "Yah! Min Yoongi, you asshole, where are you?"

He hears somebody yelling. "*Minwo - hyung-*"

Hoseok sprints, calling Yoongi's name, thinking of - bizarrely - Taehyung and Jeongguk. Taehyung woke up one morning, three weeks ago, told them all that they weren't to let any pokey omegas near Jeonggukkie because he's *mine*, and that was that.

And there he is.

Redness clouds Hoseok's vision. "Shut the fuck up!" He yells, his throat aching with the force, growling low.

There are three of them, all taller than Yoongi, two men and a woman. The woman has pinned Yoongi to the wall, although he's slipped down, kicking out feebly. "H-hoseok, H-hobi, Hobi, Hobi-"

Hoseok springs forward. He's fucking *angry*. "Fuck off," he says to the taller of the two men, calm in his voice disguising the bubbling fury.

"You can have a turn after us," says the guy casually. "No big deal."

Hoseok grabs a fistful of his shirt in his hand, knocking him back so the man's head bounces against the wall, making a horrible thud. He doesn't care. "Fuck off *right now*."

"We got it first, man," says the woman.

"Yeah," says the other guy.

Hoseok can't help himself, shoving the man back against the wall and growling. Yoongi slides down the wall, coughing, and if it weren't for

the violence in Hoseok's veins, he'd reach for him. As it is, he just glares, teeth bared, animalistic in the way he always thought he'd be better than.

"Jesus, what's it to you, man?"

"He's *mine*."

Hoseok would add something more, but Yoongi makes a small mewling noise, collapsing against the ground. He blinks tearily up. "I - Hoseok-"

"Never, ever, ever come back, or you're going to fucking *die*," Hoseok says more dangerously than he could ever shout. He lets go of the man he holds, tossing him aside like so much used rubbish, and grabs the woman by the end of her plaited hair, slamming his fist into her face at just the right angle for the soft bone of her nose to crack.

She howls.

Fucking serves her right.

The three are cowards when it comes down to it, and faced with Hoseok's burning, terrifying anger, they just bolt.

Hoseok doesn't even entertain the thought of chasing after them. He just -

God, Yoongi -

Runs forward with his arms outstretched, kneeling down to support Yoongi as the smaller boy clasps his collar, burying his face in the crook of Hoseok's neck. "H-hobi, Hobi, Hobi, H-hobi, fuck, fuck," he chants, and Hoseok doesn't know what to do but pull him closer, stroking the softness at the back of his neck, pressing his lips gently to Yoongi's heated forehead.

"Yoongi, are you hurt?" He asks. If Yoongi agrees, the world will not know *what* to do with his fury, not ever, not when Yoongi is *his* -

"I - n-no. Almost, but no."

Thank fuck. "And you're about to go into heat."

He sees the thought of denial crossing Yoongi's gaze, quickly followed by bare honesty. "N-n... yeah. Yeah, yeah, that's why- and I didn't-"

“Hush, now,” Hoseok mumbles, and Yoongi quiety. “Hey, I have a plan, okay? Yoongi, where do you normally go?”

Hotel. H-hotel. Two s-streets away,” Yoongi murmurs into Hoseok’s neck, his lips tickling sensitive skin.

“You wanna go there?”

“*F-fuck no*,” Yoongi breathes, and Hoseok wishes he weren’t so glad. “P-please, no.”

“Then I have a plan, okay? You want me to stay, right?”

Yoongi kisses Hoseok’s jaw, feather-light, and he assumes it’s approval. “Tell someone. I dunno. D-dunno. H-hotels don’t let alphas in.”

Hoseok has a plan, he really does, and so he stands as he scoops Yoongi into his arms. Yoongi is compliant, trusting, his hands still curled into Hoseok’s shirt, his eyes closing, brushed with tears.

“Trust me, hyung, I’ll be right beside you when you wake up.”

Hoseok doesn’t even have time to be surprised at Yoongi’s status. He just *wants*, wants to keep him safe and keep him for himself and protect him from everything -

“You bastard!”

Ow.

“What was that for?” Hoseok glares down at the diminutive omega before him, the girl Yoongi had been with. He’d come here because he didn’t know where else to go, and because Yoongi seems to trust this girl, and he hadn’t been expecting to be slapped across the cheek for it.

“You put Yoongi down right now and fuck right off before I call the police!”

“Hey, I-”

“What have you *done* to him?”

Hoseok grits his teeth. “I didn’t do anything! I fucking- I beat up the alphas that did it!”

“No-”

“Hey, listen, I just came here because I saw him here a while back. If you’re not his friend, just fucking tell me, and I’ll leave back to the dorms.”

Her face changes. Becomes more curious. “What did you say your name was?”

And Hoseok says fuck it, he really does, because all he wants to do is care for Yoongi right now. “Jung Hoseok, not that it matters-”

“There’s a room,” she interrupts, “Upstairs. Go there. I’ll be up in four days, five days, unless he calls me. Go, now, quickly, before someone smells you. Go on!”

“I-”

She pats his elbow, her eyes crinkling into a smile. “Don’t worry, Jung Hoseok. I think - that is, you’ll be fine.”

And all Hoseok can do is stagger up the stairs, Yoongi in his arms, and hope for the best.

When they debut, seven-strong, three omegas and four alphas in their numbers, Hoseok holds Yoongi close and kisses him gently. “You fit just fine, Yoongi,” he says, full of more affection than anyone will ever know. “You fit just fine.”

Chapter End Notes

whelp, this ended up twice as long as it was, if that makes sense. please leave a comment (i love them. i feed on them like a really shitty lovecraftian god.) and if you want more stuff like this, im pretty much constantly writing

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